With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breede of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier Lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worldes ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

Line 17 Renowned for their — 23 leasde
31 vanish.